The Maſque OF THE GYPSIES.

Written by BEN: JONSON.

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The Maſque of THE GYPSIES.

At the Kings Entrance.

IF for our thoughts there could but ſpeech be found,
And all that ſpeech be uttred in one ſound,
So that ſome power above us would afford
The meanes to make a language of a word,
It ſhould be welcome; in that onely voyce
We would receive, reteine, enjoy, rejoyce,
And all affects of love, and life, diſpence,
Till it were cald a copious eloquence;

Fo

For ſhould we vent our ſpirits, now you are come
In other ſillables, were as be dumbe.
Welcome, O welcome then, and enter here
The houſe your bounty built, and ſtill doth reare,
With thoſe high favours, and thoſe heap't increaſes,
Which ſhews a hand not griev'd, but when it ceaſes.
The Maſter is your creature; as the place;
And every good about him is your grace:
Whom, though he ſtand by ſilent, think not rude,
But as a man turn'd all to gratitude,
For what he ne're can hope how to reſtore,
Since while he meditates one, you poure on more.
Vouchſafe to thinke he onely is oppreſt
With their abundance, not that in his breſt
His powers are ſtupid grown; for pleaſe you enter
Him, and his houſe, and ſearch him to the center,
You'l find within, no thanks, or vowes, there ſhorter,
For having truſted thus much to his Porter.

The

The GYPSIES Metamorphos'd.

Enter a GYPSIE, *leading a Horse laden with five little Children, bound in a truce of Scarffes upon him: a second leading another horse, laden with stolne Poultry, &c. The first leading Gypsy speaks, being the*

JACKMAN.

ROome for the five Princes of *Egypt*, mounted all upon one horse, like the four sons of *Ammon*, to make the miracle the more by a head, if it may be: Gaze upon them, as on the Off-spring of *Ptolemy*, begotten upon severall *Cleopatra's* in their severall Countryes; especially on this brave sparke, strook out of Flint-shire, upon Iustice *Juggs* daughter, then Sheriffe of the County, who running away with a Kinsman of our Captains, and her father pursuing to the marches, he great with Iustice, she with Iuggling, they were both for the same time turn'd stone, upon the sight of each other in *Chester*, till at the last (see the Wonder) a Iugg of the Towne Ale reconciling

ciling them, the memoriall of both their gravities, his in beard, and hers in belly, hath remained ever since preserv'd in picture, upon the most stone Iuggs in the Kingdome. The famous *Impe* yet grew a wretchocke, and though in seven yeares together he was carefully carried at his Mothers back, rock'd in a Cradle of *Welch* Cheese, like a Maggot, and there fed with broken Beer, and blown wine of the best, daily, yet lookes he as if he never saw his Quinquinever: 'tis true, he can thred Needles on horse-backe, or draw a yard of Inkle through his nose; but what's that to a growne *Gypsie*, one of the blood, and of his time, if he had thriv'd? Therefore (till with his painfull Progenitors, he be able to beate it on the hoofe to the bene bouse, or the stauling Ken, to nip a lan, or clye the Iarke) 'tis thought fit he march in the Infants Equipage,

With the Convoy, Cheats, and peckage,
Out of clutch of Harman-beckage,
To the Libkins at the Crackmans,
Or some skipper of the Black-mans.

2. GYPSIE.

2. GYPSIE.

WHere the Cacklers, but no Grunters
Shall uncas'd be for the Hunters;
Thoſe we ſtill muſt keep alive,
I, and put them forth to thrive,
In the Parkes and in the Chaſes,
And the finer walled places,
As St. *Jamſes*, *Greenwitch*, *Tibals*,
Where the Akorns plumpe as Chiballs,
Soone ſhall change both kind and name,
And proclaime 'hem the Kings game;
So the act no harme may be
Unto their keeper *Barnabee*:
It will prove as good a ſervice
As did ever Gypſie Gervice,
Or our Captaine *Charles*, the tall man,
And a part too of our *Salman*.

JACKMAN.

IF here we be a little obſcure, it is our pleaſure, for rather than we will offer to be our owne Interpreters, we are reſolv'd not to bee underſtood: yet if any man doe doubt of the ſignificancy of the Language, we referre him to the third Volume of reports: ſet forth by the learned in the Lawes of Canting, and publiſhed in the Gypſie tongue. Give me my Guittara: and roome for our Chiefe.

Dance 1.

The Captaine danceth forth with ſixe more to a ſtand. After which the Jackman *Sings.*

Song. 1.

FRom the famous Peak of *Darby*,
And the Devills-Arſe there hard by,
Where we yearely keep our muſters,
Thus th' *Ægyptians* throng in cluſters.

Be not frighted with our faſhion,
Though we ſeeme a tatter'd Nation;
We account our ragges our riches,
So our tricks exceed our ſtitches.

Give

Give us Bacon, rinds of Walnuts,
Shells of Cockles, or of ſmall-nuts,
Ribbands, Bells, and Saffron'd Linnen,
All the world is ours to winne in.

Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slights of hand that will invite you,
To endure our tawny faces,
And not cauſe you cut your laces.

All your fortunes we can tell yee,
Be they for the backe, or belly:
In the Moods too, and the Tenſes,
That may fit your fine five ſences.

Draw but then your Gloves we pray you,
And ſit ſtill, we will not fray you,
For though we be here at *Burly*,
We'd be loath to make a Hurly.

PATRICO.

STay my ſweet ſinger,
The touch of thy finger

A little, and linger
For me, that am bringer
Of bound to the border
The Rule, and Recorder,
And mouth of your order:
As Prieſt of the game,
And Prelate of the ſame.

There's a Gentry Cove here,
Is the top of the ſhire,
Of the Beaver-Ken,
A man amongſt men:
Yee neede not to feare,
I've an eye, and an eare,
That turnes here and there,
To looke to our geere:
Some ſay that there be
One or two, if not three,
That are greater than he.

And for the Room-morts,
I know by their Ports,

And jolly reſorts
They are of the ſorts
That love the true ſports,
Of King *Ptolomæus*,
Our great *Coryphæus*,
And Queen *Cleopatra*,
The Gypſies grand-matra,
Then if we ſhall ſharke it,
Here Faire is, and Market.

Leave Pig by, and Gooſe,
And play faſt, and looſe,
A ſhort cut, and long,
With (ever and among)
Some inch of a Song,
Pythagoras lot,
Drawne out of a pot;
With what ſayes *Alchindus*,
And *Pharaotes Indus*,
Iohn de Indagine,
With all their *Paginæ*,

Faces and Palmistry,
And this is all mystery.

Lay by your wimbles,
Your boring for thimbles,
Or using your nimbles
In diving the Pockets,
And sounding the sockets
Of semper-the-Cockets,
Or angling the purses
Of such as will curse us.
But in the strict duell
Be merry, and cruell,
Strike faire at some Jewell,
That mint may accrue well,
For that is the fuell
To make the Tuns brew'ell,
And the pot ring well,
And the Braine sing well,
Which we may bring, well
About, by a string well,
And doe the thing well.

It is but a ſtraine
Of true Legerdemaine,
Once, twice, and againe.

Or what will you ſay now,
If with our fine play now,
Our Knackets, and Dances,
We worke on the fancies
Of ſome o' theſe Nancies,
Theſe Trickets, and Tripſies,
And make 'hem turn Gipſies.

Here's no Juſtice *Lippus*
Will ſeeke for to nip us
In Crampring, or Cippus,
And then for to ſtrip us,
And after to whip us.
His Iuſtice to varry,
While here we doe tarry.

But be wiſe and wary
And we may both carry
The *Kate*, and the *Mary*,

And all the bright Aery
Away to the Quarry,
If our brave *Ptolomee*
Will but ſay follow me.

3 GYPSIE.

CAptaine, if ever at the bouzing Ken,
You have in drops of *Darby* drill'd your men;
And we have ſerv'd thee armed all in Ale,
With the brown bowle, and charged in Bragot ſtale:
If muſter'd thus, and diſciplin'd in drink,
In our ſtrict watches we did never wink,
But, ſo commanded by you, kept our ſtation,
As we preſerv'd our ſelves a loyall nation:
And never did yet branch of ſtatute break,
Made in your famous Palace of the Peak:
If we have deem'd that Mutton, Lamb, or Veale,
Chick, Capon, Turkey, ſweeteſt we did ſteale,
As being by our Magna Charta taught,
To judge no viands wholſome that are bought:
If for our Linnen we ſtill us'd the lift,
And with the hedge, (our tradeſ-increaſe) made ſhift,
And ever at your ſolemne feaſts and calls,
We have beene ready with th' *Ægyptian* brawles,

To

To ſet *Kit Callot* forth in Proſe or Rime,
Or who was *Cleopatra* for the time:
If we have done this, that, more, ſuch, or ſo;
Now lend your eare but to the *Patrico*.

CAPTAINE.

Well, dance another ſtraine, and we'le think how.

1 *GYPSIE.*

Meane time in ſong doe you conceive ſome vow.

Dance 2.

Song 2.

THe faiery beame upon you,
The ſtarres to gliſter on you,
A Moone of light,
In the Noone of night,
Till the Fire-Drake hath o're-gone you.

The Wheele of Fortune guide you,
The Boy with the Bow beſide you,
Runne aye in the way
Till the Bird of day,
And the luckyer lot betide you.

Captaine goes up to the King.

BLeſſe my ſweet Maſters, the old and the yong
From the gall of the heart, and the ſtroak of the tongue.
With you, lucky bird, I begin; let me ſee,
I aime at the beſt, and I troe you are hee.
Here's ſome luck already; if I underſtand
The grounds of my art, here's a gentlemans hand,
Ile kiſſe it for lucks ſake; you ſhould by this time
Love a horſe, and a hound, but no part of a ſwine,
To hunt the brave Stagge, not ſo much for the food,
As the weale of the body, & the health of the blood.
You are a man of good means, and have Territorie ſtore,
Both by ſea, and by land, but were born ſir to more.
Which you like a Lord, and the Prince of your peace,
Content with your havings, deſpiſe to encreaſe.
You are no great wencher, I ſee by your Table,
Although your *mons veneris* ſayes you are able.
You live chaſt, and ſingle, and have buried your wife,
And meane not to marry by the line of your life;
Whence he that conjectures your quality, learne,
You are an honeſt good man, and have care of your Barnes.

Your

Your *Mercuries* hill too, a wit doth betoken.
Some book-craft you have, & are pretty wel spoken.
But stay in your *Iupiters* mount, what's here?
A *King* a *Monarch*; what wonders appeare!
High, Bountiful Just: a *Iove* for your parts,
A Master of men, and that Reigne in their hearts.
Ile tell it my traine,
And come to you againe.

Song 3.

TO the old, long life and treasure,
To the young, all health and pleasure,
To the faire their face
With eternall grace,
And the foule to be lov'd at leisure.

To the witty all cleare mirrours,
To the foolish their darke errours;
To the loving sprite,
A secure delight,
To the jealous his owne false terrours.

After which the Kings fortune is pursued by the Captaine.

COuld any doubt that saw this hand,
Or who you are, or what command

You have upon the fate of things,
Or would not ſay you were let downe
From Heaven, on earth to be the Crowne,
And top of all your neighbour Kings.
To ſee the wayes of truth you take,
To ballance buſineſſe, and to make
All Chriſtian differences ceaſe,
Or till the quarrell, and the cauſe
You can compoſe to give them lawes,
As Arbiter of warre and Peace.
For this, of all the world you ſhall
Be ſtiled *Iames* the juſt and all
Their ſtates diſpoſe, their ſons & daughters,
And for your fortunes you alone,
Among them all ſhall worke your owne,
By peace, and not by humane ſlaughters.
But why doe I preſume, though true,
To tell a fortune ſir, unto you,
Who are the maker here of all;
Where none doe ſtand, or ſit in view,
But owe their Forrune unto you,
At leaſt what they good fortunes call?

My ſelfe a *Gipſie* here doe ſhine,
Yet are you maker ſir, of mine.
Oh that confeſſion could content
So high a bounty that doth know
No part of motion, but to flow,
And giving never to repent.
May ſtill the matter waite your hand,
That it not feele, or ſtay, or ſtand,
But all deſert ſtill over-charge.
And may your goodneſſe ever finde,
In me whom you have made, a minde,
As thankfull as your owne is large.

Dance 3. 2 Straine.

After which, the Princes Fortune is offered at by the

2 *GIPSIE.*

AS my Captaine hath begun
With the Sire, I take the Son,
Your hand Sir.
Of your fortune be ſecure,
Love, and ſhe, are both at your
Command Sir.

See what Starres are here at ſtrife,
Who ſhall tender you a wife,
A brave one;
And a fitter for a man,
Then is offer'd here, you can-
Not have one.
She is ſiſter of a Starre,
One the nobleſt now that are,
Bright *Heſper.*
Whom the *Indians* in the Eaſt,
Phoſphore call, and in the Weſt,
Hight *Veſper.*
Courſes even with the Sunne,
Doth her mighty brother runne,
For ſplendor.
What can to the marriage night,
More then morne, and evening light
Attend her?
Save the promiſe before day,
Of a little *Iames* to play
Hereafter.
Twixt his Grandſires knees, and move
All

All the pretty wayes of love,
And laughter.
Whil'ſt with care you ſtrive to pleaſe,
In your giving his cares eaſe,
And labours;
And by being long the ayd
Of the *Empire*, make afrayd
Ill neighbours.
Till your ſelfe ſhall come to ſee
What we wiſh, yet ſarre to be
Attending:
For it skills not when, or where
That beginnes, which cannot feare
An ending.
Since your name in peace, or warres,
N[illegible] all bound untill the ſtarres
up take you.

2 *Dance. Straine* 3.

After which, the Lady Marqueſſe Buckinghams *by the*

3 *GYPSIE.*

HUrle after an old ſhooe,
Ile be merry what e're I doe.
Though I keepe no time,
My words ſhall chyme,
Ile overtake the ſenſe with a rime.
Face of a Roſe,
I pray thee depoſe
Some ſmal piece of ſilver: It ſhall be
But onely to make the ſigne of the Croſſe,
If your hand you hollow,
Good fortune will follow.
I ſweare by theſe ten,
You ſhall have it agen,
I doe not ſay when.

But

But Lady, either I am tipsie,
Or you are to fall in love with a *Gypsie*.
Blush not Dame *Kate*,
For early, or late,
I doe assure you it will be your fate;
Nor need you be once asham'd of it Madam,
He's as handsome a Man as ever was *Adam*.
A man out of waxe,
As a Lady would axe;
Yet he's not to wed yee,
H'has enjoy'd you alreadie,
And I hope he has sped yee.
A dainty young fellow,
And though you looke yellow,
He never will be jealous,
But love you most zealous. (tell us.
Ther's never a line in your hand, but doth,
And you are a soule, so white, and so chaste,
A table so smooth, and so newly ra'ste,
As nothing cald soule,
Dare approach with a blot,
Or any least spot;

But ſtill you controule,
Or make your owne lot,
Preſerving love pure as it firſt was begot:
But Dame I muſt tell yee,
The fruit of your bellie,
Is that you muſt tender,
And care ſo to render;
That as your ſelfe came
In blood, and in name,
From one houſe of fame,
So that may remaine
The glory of twaine.

2 *Dance.* *Strain* 4.

After which, the Counteſſe of Rutlands, *by the*

3 GYPSIE.

YOu ſweet Lady have a hand too,
And a fortune you may ſtand too,
Both your brav'ry, and your bounty,
Stile you Miſtris of the County;

You

You will finde it from this night,
Fortune ſhall forget her ſpight,
And heape all the bleſſings on you,
That ſhe can poure out upon you:
To be lov'd, where moſt you love,
Is the worſt that you ſhall prove;
And by him to be imbrac't,
Who ſo long hath knowne you chaſte,
Wiſe, and faire; whil'ſt you renew
Joyes to him, and he to you:
And when both your yeares are told,
Neither thinke the other old.

And the Counteſſe of Exeters *by the*

PATRICO.

MAdam we know of your comming ſo late,
We could not well fit you a nobler fate,
Then what you have ready made;
An old mans wife,
Is the light of his life,
A young one is but his ſhade.

You will not importune,
The change of your fortune;
For if you dare truſt to my forecaſting,
'Tis preſently good, and will be laſting.

Dance 2. Straine 5.

After which, the Counteſſe of Buckinghams, *by the*

GYPSIE.

YOur pardon Lady, here you ſtand,
If ſome ſhould judge you by your hand,
The greateſt Fellon in the Land
Detected:
I cannot tell you by what Arts,
But you have ſtolne ſo many hearts,
As they would make you at all parts
Suſpected.

Your very face firſt, ſuch a one,
As being view'd it was alone,

Too slippery to be lookt upon;
And threw men.
But then your graces they were such,
As none could e're behold too much;
Both ev'ry taste, and ev'ry touch
So drew men.

Still blest in all you thinke, or doe,
Two of your sonnes are *Gypsies* too,
You shall our *Queene* be, and he who
Importunes
The heart of either yours, or you;
And doth not wish both *George*, and *Sue*,
And every Barne besides, all new
Good fortunes.

The Lady Purbecks, *by the*
2 *GYPSIE.*

HElpe me wonder, here's a booke,
Where I would for ever look;
Never yet did Gypsie trace,
Smoother lines in hand, or face:

Venus

Venus here doth *Saturne* move,
That you ſhould be Queen of Love;
And the other ſtarres conſent,
Onely *Cupid's* not content;
For though you the theft diſguiſe,
You have told him of his eyes:
And to ſhew his envy further,
Here he chargeth you with murther;
Sayes, although that at your ſight
He muſt all his torches light;
Though your either cheeke diſcloſes,
Mingled bathes of Milke and Roſes,
Though your lips be bankes of bliſſes,
Where he plants, and gathers kiſſes;
And your ſelfe the reaſon why,
Wiſeſt men for love may dye;
You will turne all hearts to tinder
And ſhall make the world one Cinder.

And the Lady Elizabeth Hattons *by the*

GYPSIE.

MIstris of a fairer Table,
Hath no Hiſtory, nor Fable;
Others Fortunes may be ſhowne,
You are builder of your owne,
And what ever Heav'n hath given you,
You preſerve the ſtate ſtill in you,
That which time would have depart,
Youth without the helpe of Art,
You doe keepe ſtill, and the glory
Of your Sexe, is but your ſtory.

The Lord Chamberlaine, *by the*

IACKMAN.

THough you ſir be Chamberlaine, I have
a Key
To open your Fortune a little by the way:
You are a good man,
Deny it that can;

And

And faithfull you are
Deny it that dare.
You know how to use your sword and your (pen,
And you love not alone the arts, but the men;
The Graces and Muses ev'ry where follow
You, as you were their second *Apollo*;
Onely your hand here tells you to your face
You have wanted one grace
To performe, what has bin a right of your
place;
For by this Line, which is *Mars* his
Trench,
You never yet help'd your Master to a
Wench:
Tis wel for your honour, he's pious & chaste;
Or you had most certainely bin displaste.

Dance.

Dance 2. Straine 3.

The Lord Keepers Fortune, by the

PATRICO.

AS happy a Palme sir, as most i'the Land,
It should be a pure, & an innocent hand;
And worthy the trust,
For it sayes you'll be just,
And carry the purse,
Without any curse
Of the Publicke-weale,
When you take out the Seale,
You doe not appeare,
A Judge of a yeare.
Ile venture my life,
You never had wife,
But Ile venture my skill,
You may when you will.
You have the Kings Conscience too in your breast,
And that's a good guest;

Which

Which you will have true touch of,
And yet not make much of;
More then by truth your selfe forth to bring,
The man that you are, for *God*, and the *King*.

The Lord Treasurers *fortune, by the*

3 GYPSIE.

I Come to borrow, and you'll grant my demand sir;
Since tis for no money, pray lend mee your hand sir;
And yet this good hand; if you please to stretch it,
Had the Errant beene money, could easily fetch it;
You command the Kings Treasure, and yet on my soule
You handle not much, for your palme is not foule,
Your fortune is good, and will be to set
The Office upright, and the King out of debt;

To

To put all that have Penſions ſoone out of
their paine,
By bringing th'Exchequer in credit againe.

The Lord Privy-Seales,

A GYPSIE.

HOneſt, and old,
In thoſe the good part of a fortune is told
God ſend you your health,
The reſt is provided; honour, and we alth
All which you poſſeſſe,
Without the making of any man leſſe,
Nor neede you my warrant, enjoy it you
ſhall,
For you haue a good Privy-Seale for it all.

The

The Earle Marshalls,

3. GYPSIE.

NExt the great Master, who is the Donor,
I read you here the preserver of honour,
And spye it in all your singular parts,
What a Father you are, and a Nurse of the Arts,
By cherishing which, a way you have found,
How the free to all, to one may be bound,
And they againe love their bonds; for to be
Obliged to you, is the way to be free:
But this is their fortune: Hark to your own,
Yours shall be to make true Gentry knowne
From the fictitious, not to prize blood
So much by the greatnesse, as by the good:
To shew and to open cleare vertue the way,
Both whither she should, and how farre she may;

And

And whilst you doe judge twixt valour, and noyse,
T'extinguish the race of the roaring boyes.

The Lord Stewards, *by the*

4 GYPSIE.

I Finde by this hand,
You have the command
Of the very best mans house i'the Land:
Our Captaine, and wee,
Ere long will see
If you keepe a good table;
Your Master's able.
And here be bountifull Lines, that say
You'll keep no part of his bounty away.
Thus written to *Franke*,
On your *Venus* banke;
To prove a false steward you'll finde much adoe,
Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

Lord

Lord Marqueſſe Hamiltons, *by the*

3 GYPSIE.

ONely your Hand, and welcome to Court,
Here is a man both for earneſt, and ſport.
You were lately imploy'd,
And your Maſter is joy'd,
To have ſuch in his traine,
So well can ſuſtaine
His perſon abroad,
And not ſhrinke for the load:
But had you beene here,
You ſhould have been a Gipſie I ſwear
Our Captaine had ſummon'd you by
Duxie,
To whom you would not have anſwerd
Proxie,

One, had shee come in the way of your
Scepter,
'Tis oddes, you had laid it by to have leapt
her.

The Earle of Buckclougs, *by the*

PATRICO.

A Hunter you have bin heretofore,
And had game good store;
But ever you went
Upon a new scent,
And shifted your loves
As often as they did their Smocks, or their
Gloves.
But since that your brave intendments are
Now bent for the Warre,
The world shall see
You can constant bee,
One Mistris to prove,
And court her for your love.

Pallas

Pallas, ſhall be both your *Sword*, and your *Gage*;
Truth, beare your *Shield*, and fortune your *Page*.

Patr. WHy this is a ſport,
See it *North*, ſee it *South*,
For the taſte of the *Court*,
Iack. For the *Courts* owne mouth.
Come *Windſor* the Towne,
With the *Major*, and oppoſe,
Wee'll put them all downe,
Patr. *Do—do—downe* like my hoſe.
A Gypſie in his ſhape,
More calls the beholder,
Then the fellow with the *Ape*.
Iack. Or the *Ape* on his ſhoulder.
H'is a ſight that will take

An old Judge from his wench,
I, and keep him awake,
Pat. Yes, awake on the Bench:
And has so much worth,
Though he sit i'the stocks,
He will draw the Girles forth,
Jack. I, forth i'their smocks.
Tut, a man's a man;
Let the Clownes with their Sluts,
Come mend us if they can,
Pat. If they can for their guts.
Come mend us, come lend us, their shouts, and their noyse,
Both. Like Thunder, and wonder at *Ptolomi's* Boyes.

2 *Dance.* 6 *Straine, which leads into*

Dance 3.

During which, enter the Clownes,

Cockrell, Clod, Townshed, *to them*

PUPPY.

Cock. O The Lord! what bee these *Tom*! dost thou know? come hither, come hither *Dick*, didst thou ever see such? the finest Olive-coloured spirits: they have so danced and gingled here, as if they had bin a set of over-growne Fayries.

Clod. They should bee Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no Napkins.

Cock. No, nor a Hobby-horse.

Clod. O, he's often forgotten, that's no rule, but there is no Maid-marrian, nor Friar amongst them, which is the surer marke.

Cock. Nor a foole, that I see.

Clod. Vnlesse they be all fooles.

Town. Well said *Tom Foole*, why thou simple parish Asse thou, didst thou never see

any

any Gypsies: these are a Covy of Gypsies, and the bravest new Covy that ever Constable flew at: Goodly! Game Gypsies! they are Gypsies o' this yeare, o' this Moone in my Conscience.

Clod. O they are called the Moon-men, I remember now.

Cock. One shall hardly see such Gentleman-like Gypsies, though under a hedge in a whole Summers day, if they be Gypsies.

Clod. Male-Gypsies all! not a Mort amongst them.

Pup. VVhere, where, I could never endure the sight of one of these rogue Gypsies, which be they? I would faine see 'hem.

Clod. Yonder they are.

Pup. They can Cant, and Mill, are they Masters in their Arts?

Town. No Batchellours these, they cannot have proceeded so farre, they have scarce had the time to be lowsie yet.

Pup. All the better, I would be acquainted with them while they are in cleane life, they will doe their tricks the cleanlier.

Cock. VVe must have some musick then.

Pup. Musick! we'll have a whole poverty of Pipers, call Cheeks upon the Bag-pipes, & *Tom Ticklefoot* with his Tabor; he could have

must rec

muſtred up the ſmocks o'th two ſhires; and ſet the Codpieces and they by the eares, I wuſſe, here's my two-pence towards it: *Clod* will you gather the Pipe money?

Clod. Ile gather't an you will, but Ile give none.

Pup. Why well ſaid; claw a Churle by the Arſe, and he will ſhite in your fiſt.

Cock. I, or whiſtle to a Jade, and he'le pay you with a fart.

Clod. That's all one, I have a wife, and a child in reverſion, you know it well enough, & I cannot fat Pidgeons with Cherry-ſtones: Ile venture my penny with you.

Cock. Well, theres my two-pence; Ile bee jovy: my name's *Cockrell*, and I am true bred.

Town. Come, there's my groat, never ſtand drawing Indentures for the matter; we'le make a Bolt, or a Shaft on't now.

Clod. Let me ſee, here's nine-pence in the whole.

Pup. Why there's a whole nine-pence for it: put it all in a piece for memory, and ſtrike up for mirth ſake.

Town. Doe, and they'le preſently come about us for lucke ſake. But look to our pockets and purſes for our own ſake.

Clod.

Clod. That's warning for me, I have the greateſt charge I am ſure.

PIPERS.

A Country Dance.

During which the Gypſies come about them prying: and after the

PATRICO.

SWeet Doxes and Dells,
My Roſes and Nells,
Your hands, nothing ells,
We ring you no knells
With our *Ptolemy* Bells;
Though we come from the fells,
And bring you good ſpells,
And tell you ſome chances
In midſt of your Dances,
That Fortune advances
To *Prudence* or *Francis*,
To *Siſley* or *Harry*,
To *Roger*, or *Mary*,
Or *Meg* of the Dary.

To

To *Mandlin*, or *Thomas*,
Then doe not runne from us,
Although we look tawny,
VVe are healthy and brawny,
VVhat e're your demand is,
VVe'le give you no Iaundis.

Pup. Say you so old Gypsie? 'slid these go to't in Rime, this is better then Canting by t'one halfe.

Town. Nay, you shall heare them, peace! they begin with *Prudence*, marke that.

Pup. The wiser Gypsies they marry.

Town. Are you advised.

Pup. Yes, and Ile stand to't, that a wife Gypsie (take him i'th time o'th' yeare) is as politicke a piece of Flesh, as most Iustices in the County where he maunds.

3 GYPSIE.

To love a Keeper your fortune will be.
But the Dowcets better than him or his fee.

Town. Ha, Prn', has he hit you in the teeth with the sweet bit?

Pup.

Pup. Let it alone; she'll swallow it well enough: a learned Gypsie.

Town. You'll heare more hereafter.

Pup. Marry and Ile listen, who's next, *Jack Cockrell.*

2 GYPSIE.

You'l steal your selfe drunk, I find it here true,
As you rob the pot, the pot will rob you.

Pup. A Prophet, a Prophet: no Gypsie, or if he must be a Gypsie, a divine Gypsie.

Town. Marke *Frances* now; she's going to't, the virginity of the parish.

PATRICO.

Feare not, in hell you'll never lead Apes,
A mortifi'd maiden of five escapes.

Pup. Bir-Lady he toucht the Virgin string here a little too hard, they are arrant learned men all I see. What say they upon *Tom Clod*; ist.

4. GYPSIE.

Clods feet in Christmas will goe neare to be bare,
When he has lost all his Hobnails at post and pare.

Pup. H'has hit the Hobnaile o'the head, his own game.

Town. And the very mettle he deales in at play, if you marke it.

Pup. Peace, who's this Long *Meg*?

Town. Long and foule *Meg*, if she be a *Meg*, as ever I saw of her Inches: Pray God they fit her with a faire Fortune, shee hangs an Arse terribly.

PATRICO.

She'l have a Tailer take measure of her britch
And ever after be troubled with a stitch.

Town. That's as homely as she.

Pup. The better: a Turd's as good for a Sow as a Pan-cake.

Town. Harke, now they treat upon Tickle foot.

GYPSIE.

On Sundayes you rob the poores boxe with your Tabor,
The Collecters would doe it, you save them a labour.

Pup. Faith but little, they doe it notwithstanding. Here's my little *Christian* for

ha you any fortune left for her, a ſtrait lac'd Chriſtian of ſixteene?

PATRICO.

Chriſtian ſhall get her a looſe bodyed Gown, In trying how a Gentleman differs from a Clowne.

Pup. Is that a fortune for a Chriſtian? a Turke Gypſie could not have told her worſe.

Town. Come, Ile ſtand my ſelfe, and once venture the poore head o'th' Towne. Doe your worſt, my name is *Townſhead*, and here's my hand Ile not be angry.

2 GYPSIE.

A Cuckold you muſt be, & that for three lives, Your owne, the Parſons, and your wives.

Town. I ſweare Ile never marry for that, an't be but to give Fortune my foe the lye: Come *Paul Pupp*, you muſt in too.

Pup. No, I am well enough: I would have no good Fortune an I might.

4 GYPSIE.

Yet look to your ſelfe, you'l ha' ſome ill luck And ſhortly, for I have his purſe with a pluck.

Away Birds mum,
I heare by the hum,
If Beck-Harman come,
He'le ſtrike us all dumbe,
With a noyſe like a drum.
Lets give him our roome
Here, this way ſome,
And that way others,
We are not all brothers:
Leave me to the cheats,
Ile ſhew 'hem ſome feats.

Pup. What are they gone, flowne all of ſuddaine; this is fine y'faith: a Covy call ye 'hem? they are a Covy ſoone ſcattered me thinks, who ſprung 'hem I mar'le?

Town. Marry your ſelfe *Puppy* for ought I know, you queſted laſt.

Clod. Would hee had queſted firſt, and ſprung 'hem an houre agoe for me.

Town. Why, what's the matter?

Clod. 'Slid, they ſprung my purſe and all I had about me.

Town. They ha' not, ha' they?

Clo

Clod. As I am true *Tom Clod* ha' they, and ransackled me of every peny: out cept I were with child of an Owle (as they say) I never saw such luck: Its enough to make a man a whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace, thou talkst as if thou hadst a Licence to lose thy purse alone in this company: 'slid here be those can lose a purse in honour of the Gypsies, as well as thou for thy heart, and never make word of it: I ha' lost my purse too, and more in it that I'le speak of, but e're I'de crye for't as thou dost ——— Much good doe 'hem with all my heart, I doe reverence 'hem for't.

Cock. What was there i'thy purse? Was the Lease of thy house in it?

Pup. Or thy Granams silver Ring?

Clod. No, but a Mill-sixpence of my Mothers, I loved as dearely ——— and two pence I had to spend over and above, beside the Harper that was gathered amongst us, to pay the Piper.

Town. Our whole stock, is that gone? how will *Tom Ticklefoot* do to whet his whistle then?

Pup. Marry a new Collection, there's no Musick else: Masters he can ill pipe that wants his upper lip.

Town. Yes, a Bag-piper may want both.

Cock. Why they have rob'd *Prudence* of a Race of Ginger, and a jet ring she had to draw *Iack Straw* hither a holy-dayes.

Town. Is't possible, fine fingred Gypsie y'faith.

Cock. And *Maudlin* has lost an inchanted Nutmeg, all guilded over, she had to put in her Sweet-hearts Ale a mornings, with a row of pins, which pricks the poore soule to the heart, the losse of 'hem.

Clod. And I have lost (beside my purse) my best Bridelace, and a halpworth of Hobnails, and *Francis* her thimble, with a skeane of Coventry blew she had to work *Will: Litchfields* Handkerchiffe.

Cock. And *Christian* her Practice of Piety with a bow'd Groat, and the Ballad of whoop *Barnabee*, which grieves her worst of all.

Clod. And *Ticklefoote* has lost his Clot he sayes, with a three-pence and foure tokens in it, beside his Tabouring stick, even now.

Cock. And I my knife and sheath, and a pair of Dogs leather gloves.

Town. Have we left ne're a Dog amongst us? where's *Puppy* gone?

Pup. Here goodman *Townshead*: you have nothing to lose it seemes but the Town Braines you're trusted with.

P A

PATRICO.

O My deare Marrowes,
No shooting of arrowes,
Or shafts of your wit,
Each oth'r to hit,
In your skirmishing fit:
Your store is but small,
Then venture not all;
Remember each mock
Doth spend o' the stock;
And what was here done,
Being under the Moone,
And at afternoone,
Will prove right soone
Deceptio visus,
Done *gratis risus*.
There's no such thing,
As the losse of a Ring,
Or what yee count worse,
The misse of a purse:
But, hey for the maine,
And palle o' the traine,

Here's both come againe.
And there's an old twinger,
Can shew you the Ginger:
The Pins and the Nutmeg,
Are safe here with Slutmeg.
Then strike up your Tabour,
And there's for your labour.
The sheath and the knife,
He venture my life,
Shall breed you no strife,
But like man and wife,
Or sister and brother,
Keep one with another,
And light as a feather.
Make hast to come hether.
The Coventry blew
Hangs there upon *Prue*.
And here one opens
The clout and the Tokens;
Deny the bow'd groat,
And you lye in your throat,
Or the Tabourers nine-pence,

Or the ſixe fine pence.
As for the Ballet,
Or Book what ye call it,
Alas our Society
Mells not with Piety:
Himſelfe hath forſooke it,
That firſt undertooke it.
For thimble or bridelace,
Search yonder ſide-laſſe.
All's to be found,
If you looke your ſelves round:
VVe ſcorne to take from yee,
We'd rather ſpend on yee:
If any man wrong yee,
The thiefe's among yee.

Town. Excellent y'faith, a moſt reſtorative Gypſie: all's here againe, and yet by his learning of Legerdemaine he would make us believe we had rob'd our ſelves, for the Hob-nailes are come to me.

Coc. May be he knew whoſe ſhooes lackt clouting.

Pup. I, hee knowes more then that, or

Ile ne're truſt my judgement in a Gypſie againe.

Cock. A Gypſie of quality believe it, one of the Kings Gypſies this: a *Drinkalian*, or a Drinkebragatan, aske him: the King hath a noyſe of Gypſies, as well as of Beare wards.

Pup. What ſort or order of Gipſies I pray Sir?

PATRICO.

A Flagonſeakian,
A Divells *Arſe a Peakian*:
Borne firſt at *Ninglington*,
Bred up at *Filchington*.
Boorded at *Tappington*.
Bedded at *Wappington*.

Town. Fore me a dainty deriv'd *Gypſie*.

Pup. But I pray ſir, if a man might aske on you, how came your *Captaines* place firſt to be cald the *Devills Arſe*?

PATRICO.

For that take my word,
We have a record
That doth it afford,
And ſayes our firſt Lord,

Cocklorra

Cocklorrell he hight,
On a time did invite
The Devill to a feaſt;
The taile of the jeaſt,
Though ſince it be long,
Lives yet in a Song,
Which if you would heare,
Shall plainly appeare.
Ile call in my Clarke
Shall ſing like a Larke,
Come in my long ſharke,
With thy face browne and darke;
With thy tricks and thy toyes,
Make a merry merry noiſe,
To thoſe mad Country boyes.
And chant out the fart of the *Grand-devills Arſe.*

SONG.

COck-lorrel *would needs have the Devill (his gueſt,*
And bad him once into the Peak to dinner,
Where never the Fiend had ſuch a feaſt,
Provided him yet at the large of a ſinner.

His ſtomacke was queaſie (for comming there
Coacht)
The jogging had caus'd ſome cruäities riſe;
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That uſed to turne up the egg's of his eyes.

And ſo recover'd unto his riſh,
He ſate him downe, and he fell to eate;
Promooter in Plum-broth was the firſt diſh,
His owne privy Kitchin had no ſuch meate.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Vpon a ſuddaine he ſhifted his trencher,
As ſoone as he ſpy'd the Bawd, and Bacon,
By which you may note the devil's a wencher.

Sixe pickl'd Taylers ſliced and cut,
Sempſters, Tyre-women, fit for his pallet,
With Feathermen, and Perfumers put,
Some 12 in a Charger to make a grand ſallet.

A rich fat Vſurer ſtew'd in his marrow,
And by him a Lawyers head and Green-ſaw
Bi

Both which his belly took in like a Barrow,
As if till then he had never ſeene ſawce.

Then Carbonado'd, and Cook't with paines,
Was brought up a cloven Serjeants face;
The ſauce was made of his Yeomans braines,
That had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Two roaſted Sheriffes came whole to the boord,
(The feaſt had nothing bin without 'hem)
Both living, and dead, they were ſoxt and fur'd,
Their Chaines like Sawſages hung about 'hem.

The very next diſh was a Major of a Towne,
With a pudding of maintenãce thruſt in his belly,
Like a Gooſe in the Feathers dreſt in his gowne,
And his couple of Hinch-boyes boyld to a jelly.

A London Cuckold, hot from the ſpit,
And when the Carver up had broke him;
The Devill chopt up his head at a bit,
But the hornes were very neere like to have
cheakt him.

The Chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,
With a plumpe Harlots haunch and garlicke;
A Panders Pettitoes, that had boasted
Himselfe for a Captaine, yet never was warlick.

A large fat pasty of a Midwife hot,
And for a cold bak't meate into the story,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these an over-growne Iustice of peace,
With a Clarke like a gizzard thrust under each
arme;
And warrants for sippets, laid in his own grease,
Set o're a Chaffing-dish to be kept warme.

The joule of a Iaylor serv'd for fish,
A Constable sous'd with vinegar by;
Two Aldermen Lobsters a steepe in a dish,
A Deputy Tart, a Churchwarden Pye.

All which devour'd, he then for a close,
Did for a full draught of Darby *call;*

He heav'd the huge veſſell up to his noſe,
And left not till he had drunke up all.

Then from the table he gave a ſtart,
Where banquet, and wine were nothing ſcarce;
All which he ſlirted away with a fart,
From whence it was called the Devills Arſe.

And there he made ſuch a breach with the wind,
The hole too ſtanding open the while,
That the ſcent of the vapour, before, & behinde
Hath fouly perfumed moſt part of the Iſle.

And this was Tobacco, the learned ſuppoſe;
Which ſince in Country, Court, and Towne,
In the Devils Gliſter-pipe ſmoakes at the noſe
Of Polcat, and Madam, of Gallant, and Clown.

From which wicked weed, with Swines-fleſh, & Ling,
Or any thing elſe that's feaſt for the Fiend:
Our Captaine and wee, cry God ſave the King,
And ſend him good meate, & mirth without end.

PVPPY.

AN excellent Song, and a ſweet Songſter, and would have done rarely in a Cage, with a diſh of water and Hempſeed; a fine breaſt of his owne: Sir, you are a Prelate of the Order I underſtand, and I have a terrible grudging upon me to be one of your Company: will your Captaine take a Prentiſe Sir? I would binde my ſelfe to him body and ſoul, either for one and twenty yeares, or as many lives as he would.

Clo. I, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too: I am ſorry I had no more money i'my purſe when you came firſt upon us ſir: If I had knowne you would have pickt my pocket ſo like a gentleman, I would have beene better provided; I ſhall bee glad to venture a purſe with your worſhip any time you'll appoynt, ſo you would preferre mee to your Captain; Ile put in ſecurity for my truth, and ſerve out my time, though I dye to morrow.

Cock. I, upon thoſe termes ſir, and in hope your Captaine keeps better cheere than hee made for the Devill, for my ſtomacke will

ne're

we're agree with that dyet, we'll be all his followers: Ile goe home and fetch a little money sir, all I have, and you shall pick my pocket to my face, and Ile avouch it: A man would not desire to have his pocket pickt in better company.

Pup. Tut, they have other manner of gifts, than telling Fortunes, or picking pockets.

Cock. I, and they would bee pleased to shew 'hem, or thought us poor mortall country folkes worthy of them.

Pup. What might a man doe to be a gentleman of your company sir?

Cock. I, a Gypsie in ordinary, or nothing.

PATRICO.

FRiends not to refell yee,
Or any way quell yee,
To buy or to sell yee,
I onely must tell yee,
You aime at a mystery,
Worthy a History.
There's much to be done,
E're yee can be a sonne,

Or brother o'the Moone,
'Tis not so soone
Acquir'd as desir'd ;
You must be beane-b wzy,
And sleepy and drouzy,
And lazy, and louzy,
Before yee can rouze yee,
In shape that avowes yee,
And then yee may stalke
The Gypsies walke :
To the Coopes and the Pens,
And bring in the Hens,
Though the Cocke be left sullen,
For losse of the Pullen,
Take Turkey and Capon,
And Gammons of Bacon :
Let nought be forsaken,
We'll let you goe loose,
Like a Foxe to a Goose,
And shew you the Stye
Where the little pigges lye,
Whence if you can take

One, two, and not wake
The Sow in her dreames,
But by the Moone-beames,
So warily hye,
As neither doe crye,
You ſhall the next day
Have a Licence to play
At the hedge a flirt,
For a ſheet, or a ſhirt.
If your hand be light,
Ile ſhew you the ſlight
Of our *Ptolomies* knot,
It is, and tis not.
To change your Complexion,
With the noble confection,
Of Wall-nuts and Hogges-greaſe:
Better then Dogs greaſe:
And milke the Kine,
Ere the Milke-maid fine,
Have opened her eyne.
Or if you deſire
To ſpit or fart fire,

Ile teach you the knacks
Of eating of Flaxe,
And out of your noſes,
Draw Ribbons for Poſies,
As for example,
Mine owne is as ample,
And fruitfull a noſe,
As wit can ſuppoſe.
Yet it ſhall goe hard,
But there will be ſpar'd
Each of you a yard,
And worth your regard,
When the colour and ſize,
Arrive at your eyes:
And if you incline
To a cup of good wine,
When you ſup or dine:
If you chance it to lacke,
Be it Clarret or Sack,
Ile make this ſnout,
To deale it about,
Or this to runne out,
As it were from a ſpout.

Town. Admirable tricks, and he does them all *se defendendo*, as if he would not be taken in the trap of authority by a fraile fleshy Constable.

Clod. Without the aid of a Cheese.

Pup. Or helpe of a Flitch of Bacon.

Cock. O hee would chirpe in a paire of Stocks sumptuously: I'de give any thing to see him play loose with his hands, when his feet are fast.

Pup. O' my conscience he feares not that an the Marshall himselfe were here: I protest I admire him.

PATRICO.

IS this worth your wonder?
Nay then you shall under-
Stand more of my skill,
For I can (for I will)
Here at Burlye o'th' Hill,
Give you all your fill,
Each *Iack* with his *Gill*,
And shew you the King.

The

The Prince too, and bring,
The Gypsies were here,
Like Lords to appeare,
And such their attenders,
As you thought offenders,
Who now become new men,
Youle know 'hem for true men;
For he we call chiefe,
(Ile tell you in briefe)
Is so farre from a thiefe,
He gives you reliefe,
With his Beere and his Biefe,
And tis not long sine
Yee dranke of his wine,
And it made you fine,
Both Clarret and Sherry;
Then let us be merry,
And help with your call,
For a Hall, a Hall,
Stand up to the wall,
Both good men and tall,
We are one mans all;

BEVER.

THe fift of *August*,
VVill not let Saw-dust
Lie in your throats,
Or cob-webs, or oates;
But helpe to scoure yee,
This is no *Gowrie*
Has drawne *Iames* hither,
But the good man of *Bever*,
Our *Buckinghams* Father;
Then so much the rather
Make it a jolly night,
For tis a holy night,
Spight of the Constable,
Or Mas *Deane* of *Dunstable*.

All. A *Hall*, a *hall*, a *hall*.

The Gypsies chang'd. Dance.

PATRICO.

WHy now yee behold,
Twas truth that I told,

And

And no deviſe;
They are chang'd in a trice,
And ſo will I,
Be my ſelfe by and by.
I onely now
Muſt ſtudy how
To come off with a grace,
With my *Patrico's* place:
Some ſhort kinde of bleſſing,
It ſelfe addreſſing
Unto my good Maſter,
Which light on him faſter,
Than wiſhes can flye,
And you that ſtand by
Be as jocund as I;
Each man with his voyce,
Give his heart to rejoyce,
Which Ile requite,
If my heart hit right,
Though late now at night,
Each Clowne here in ſight,
Before day light,

Shall prove a good Knight:
And your Lasses Pages,
Worthy their wages,
Where fancy engages
Girles to their ages.

Clow. Oh any thing for the *Patrico*, what is't? what is't?

Pat. Nothing but bear the bob of the close,
It will be no burthen, you well may suppose.
But blesse the Sov'raigne, and his sences,
And to wish away offences.

Clow. Let us alone, blesse the Sov'raigne, and his sences

Pat. We'll take them in order, as they have being: And first of seeing.

I.

Pat. FRom a Gypsie in the morning,
Or a paire of squint-eyes turning:
From the Goblin, and the Spectre,
Or a Drunkard, though with *Nectar*;
From a woman true to no man,
which is ugly, besides common;
A smocke rampant, and the itches,
To be putting on the breeches;
Wheresoere they ha' their being,
Blesse the Sov'raigne and his seeing.

2

From a foole, and ſerious toyes;
From a Lawyer, three parts noyſe;
From impertinence, like a Drum
Beate at dinner in his roome:
From a tongue without a file,
Heapes of Phraſes, and no Stile.
From a Fiddle out of tune,
As the Cuckow is in *Iune*.
From the Candleſticks of *Lothbury*,
And the loud pure wives of *Banbury*:
Or a long pretended fit,
Meant for mirth, but is not it:
Onely time, and cares out-wearing,
Bleſſe the Sov'raigne, and his hearing.

3

From a ſtrolling Tinkers ſheete,
Or a paire of Carriers feet:
From a Lady that doth breath,
Worſe above than undern-ath.
From the Diet, and the knowledge
Of the Students in Beares Colledge.
From Tobacco, with the tipe
Of the Devills Gliſter-pipe;
Or a ſtinke all ſtinks excelling
A Fiſh-mongers dwelling,
Bleſſe the Sov'raigne, and his ſmelling.

4

From an Oyster, and Fry'd fish,
A Sowes Baby in a dish:
From any portion of a Swine,
From bad Venison, and worse wine.
Ling, what Cooke soe're it boyle,
Though with Mustard sau'c'd and oyle,
Or what else would keepe man fasting,
Blesse the Sov'raigne, and his tasting.

5

Both from Birdlime, and from pitch,
From a Doxie and her itch.
From the Brisles of a Hogge,
Or the ring-worme in a Dogge.
From the courtship of a bryer,
Or St. *Anthonies* old fier.
From a Needle, or a Thorne;
Ith' bed at Ev'n, or Morne.
Or from any Gowts least grutching,
Blesse the Sov'raigne, and his touching.

6

Blesse him too from all offences,
In his sports, as in his sences.
From a Boy to crosse his way,
From a fall or a foule day.
Blesse him, ô blesse him heav'n, and lend him
To be the sacred burthen of al song; (long

The

The acts, and years, of all our Kings t'out-go,
And while he's mortall we not think him so.

After which, ascending up, the Jackman *sings.*

Song 1.

THe sports are done, yet doe not let
Your joyes in suddaine silence set:
Delight and dumbnesse never met.
In one selfe subject yet.
If things oppos'd must mixt appeare,
Then adde a boldnesse to your feare,
And speake a hymne to him,
Where all your duties do of right belong,
Which I will sweeten with an under song.

Captaine.

Glory of ours, and grace of all the earth,
How wel your figure doth become your birth.
As if your forme, and fortune equall stood,
And onely vertue got above your blood.

Song. 2.

Vertue; his Kingly vertue which did merit
This Isle entire, and you are to inherit.

4 *Gypsie.*

How right he doth confesse him in his face!
His brow, his eye, and ev'ry marke of state;
As if he were the issue of each grace,
And bore about him both his fame, and fate.

Song

Song 3.

Looke, looke, is he not faire,
And freſh, and fragrant too,
As Summer skie, or purged aire,
And lookes as Lillies doe,
That were this morning blowne.

4 *Gyp.* Oh more! that more of him were knowne.

3 *Gypſie.*

Look how the winds upon the waves grown tame,
Take up Land ſounds upon their purple wing;
And catching each from other, bear the ſame
To ev'ry angle of their ſacred ſprings:
So wil we take his praiſe, and hurle his name
About the *Globe*, in thouſand ay'ry rings,
If his great vertue be in love with fame,
For that contemn'd, both are neglected things.

Song 4.

Good Princes ſoare above their fame,
And in their worth,
Come greater forth,
Then in their name.
Such, ſuch the Father is,
Whom ev'ry title ſtrives to kiſſe:
Who on his Royall grounds unto himſelfe doth raiſe,
The worke to trouble fame, & to aſtoniſh praiſe.

4 *Gypſie*

4 *Gypse.*

Indeed he's not Lord alone of all the State,
But of the love of men, & of the Empires fate.
The *Muses* Arts, the *Schooles* commerce, our *Honours* lawes,
And *Vertues* hang on him, as on their working cause.

2 *Gip.* His Hand-maid *Iustice* is.
3 *Gip.* *Wisedome* his Wife:
4 *Gip.* His Mistresse, *Mercy*:
5 *Gip.* *Temperance* his life.
2 *Gip.* His Pages bounty, and grace, which many prove,
3 *Gip.* His Guards are *magnanimity* & *love*.
4 His Ushers, *Counsell*, *Truth*, and *Piety*.
5 *Gip.* And all that followes him, *Felicity*.

Song 5

Oh that we understood
Our good;
There's happinesse indeed in blood,
And fire,
But how much more,
When vertu's flood
In the same streame doth hit?
As that growes high with yeares, so happinesse with it.

Cap-

Captaine.

Love, love his fortune then, & vertues known,
Who is the top of men,
But makes the happineſſe our owne;
Since where the Prince for goodneſſe is renown'd,
The Subject with felicity is Crown'd.

The Epilogue.

AT *Burley*, *Bever*, and now laſt at *Windſor*,
Which ſhews we are Gipſies of no common kind
You have beheld (& with delight) their change, (ſir.
And how they came trãsform'd, may think it ſtrange.
It being a thing not toucht at by our Poet,
Good *Ben* ſlept there, or elſe forgot to ſhew it;
But leaſt it prove like wonder to the ſight,
To ſee a Gypſie, as an *Æthiope*, white:
Know, that what dy'd our faces was an oyntment
Made, and laid on by Mr. *Woolſes* appoyntment;

The

The Court *Licanthropos* yet without ſpells,
By a meere Barber, and no Magicke elſe:
It was fetcht off with water and a Ball,
And to our tranſformation this is all,
Save what the Maſter *Faſhioner* calls his,
For to Gypſies Metamorphoſis;
Who doth diſguiſe his habit, and his face,
And takes on a falſe perſon by his place:
The power of Poetry can never faile her,
Aſſiſted by a *Barber*, and a *Tayler*.

FINIS.

EPIGRAMS
TO
Severall Noble
Perſonages in this
Kingdome.

The Author *Ben: Ionſon.*

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